A LETTER FROM Monſieur Tyrconnel FROM LIMERICK in IRELAND TO The Late QUEEN, AT St. Germans in France.

Licenſed Sept. 2. 1690.

Moſt Tranſcendent Madam,

WHen, with a *Veneration* due to your *Greatneſs*, I preſume to conſider the *Happineſs* of thoſe *Bleſſed Climates* that are under the *Benignity* of your *Aſpect* and *Influence*; when I contemplate the *ſmiling* Poſture of all *Things* and *Perſons*, under the *Cheriſhing* and *Reviving* Rays of *your* All-*Enlivening Eyes*: Pardon me Madam, if I ſay, it in ſome meaſure fills me with *Emulation* in the midſt of all my *Triumphs*, that the Acqueſts of my *Sword* muſt be *vanquiſh'd*, and *Outſhone* by the Conqueſts of your *more powerful* Beauty.

It was this, *Mighty Princeſs*, that firſt ſet the *Courts* of Italy *agogg*, when the *Attraction* of your *Early Charms* made them pay *Homage* to the *Growing Glory* of the Houſe of *Modena*: This made the moſt *Wiſe Monarch* of *France* recommend your *Highneſs*, as the fitteſt Perſon in the

the World to take the *upper Hand* of the *Dutcheſs* of *Portſmouth*, and fill the *Envied Throne* of that Kingdom, with ſuch an Awful and *Viraginous Majeſty*, as no *Female* beſides could pretend to? And the *Power* of the ſame *Magnetick* hath compell'd him to court your Royal Preſence, which *alone* brings with it an *Excellence* and *Perfection*, ſurmounting all the *other Glories* of his *Palace*. Nor can it be thought, that your *Majeſty* is one *Ace* behind that great *Monarch* in point of *Complement*, when it ſhall be conſidered, you have *preferred* the felicity of an *Entertainment* at *St. Germans* above the Throne of *England*, and three *Kingdoms* to pay you *Homage*.

The *Romancers* of your *Italy* make their *Knights* and *Champions* in the *heat* of their Encounters, *Catching* a *Glance*, a *Smile*, or *Innuendo* from the fair Eyes of their *Saints* or *Miſtreſſes*, which hath *Elevated* their *Courage* to ſuch a degree, that *Wo be* to him that is the *Aſſailant!* for preſently you hear of *Armour* chopt to pieces, a *Combatant Chined* at one *Blow*, or a *Horſe beheaded*, or ſome very *dead-doing* Exploit. Who then can doubt of that happy *Reverſe* of *Fortune* that muſt attend my *great Maſter*, when he ſhall *return* with *freſh Vigour* to *perſue* his *Conqueſts* here? When *he* ſhall come with a *Zeal Enflamed*, *Valour Exalted*, *Indignation Whetted*, *Courage Pointed*, and ſo *All-over-influenced* with your *Powerful Aſpect*; That if *all* the *Hereticks* had but one *Head*, and that were *entring* the Gates of *Limerick*, his derived *Force* would be ſufficient to diſpatch him at *one Blow*. You ſee, *Madam*, how the *Hearts* of your humble Votaries are *ſupported*, to what a pitch of Expectation they are lifted, and their *Hopes raiſed* with the aſſurance of your *Virtue*: For if you do not condeſcend to *Pity*, and *Redreſs* our Woes, all our *Hopes* muſt give up and *Expire*. 'Tis therefore to your *Shrine*, who are our *living Saint*, that we bring our humble Devotions; for, as for our *dead Guardians*, and *Tutelar Friends*, nay, even St. *Patrick* himſelf, we have called upon them till our *Throats* are *ſore*, and our *Hearts ake* again, and cannot make them hear a word; whether the *Enemies Cannon* have *deafned* them, or whether they are afraid it is the *ſame Army* that was laſt before *theſe Walls*, I know not; but they are all as mute as Fiſhes: So that we are not only obliged to ſupplicate your *Perſonal Aſſiſtance*, but that your Majeſty will uſe your powerful *Interceſſion* with the *Saints* of your *Country*; and endeavour to prevail with your *old Friend* and *Patroneſs*, *Our Lady of Loretto*, and your great *Benefactreſs* St. *Winefryd* to put their *helping Hands*, for *be Shaint Patrick*, Madam, there will be a *great deal* of *very much need* of *every bodies help indeed*.

All the laſt Winter, the Duke of *Schomberg*, and thoſe *never-to-be-forgiven Furies* of *Ineskillin* kept us out of the *North*, and as ſoon as *their King* came, we *valiantly Retreated* over the *Boyne*, not without leaving of *Harrows*, and *Crows Feet* in the *River*, to have *lamed* their *Horſe-heels* that they might not *perſue us* too faſt; but notwithſtanding the *Depth* of the *Water*, the *Oppoſition* on our ſide, the *Difficulty* of *Landing*, and the *Danger* of the *Bottom*, their *Troops* came over as ſound as *Roaches*, or as if they had participated of the Nature of thoſe Amphibious Creatures to whom the *Land* and *Water* are alike.

Dublin we *Abandoned*, becauſe it was not *Tenable* if we had not wanted Bravery, but our *Valour* is ſo near kin to that of *Lonis* the *Great*, that it thinks it ſelf not *ſafe* unleſs it be *Walled in*. But no ſooner had we quitted *Dublin*, but the *Hereticks* took Heart, *ſeized* upon all their *own Arms* which they found in the hands of our *Friends*, took the Caſtle and declared for their King *William*, and Queen *Mary*.

Water-

Waterford, and other places did the like: So that it was high time for my *Sacred Master* to think of taking *Sanctuary* under the same *propitious Roof* with your *Royal self*, and the *Illustrious Off-spring* of *Louis's Favour*. It was time, to betake himself to Your *Majesty* for new *Courage*, and the *Potent Louis* for *fresh Forces*.

What incessant, and indefatigable pains were afterwards taken by *Monsieur Lauzun*, *Monsieur Sarsfield*, and *my self* to keep Our *Tatter'd* Troops *together*, and to make those last *Efforts* of *despair*, which were put in most *Catholick* Execution when We fell upon the *Gunners Wives* and *Children*, and a *small party* that Guarded the *Train*, with a *detacht Body* of *Our Army*. These, Madam, I hope, without Vanity, I may presume to call Undeniable proof of Our *Fidelity* to your *Royal Cause*, and *inestimable Persons*; and I must further take leave to add, that in these *Enterprizes* the Young *Duke* of *Berwick* hath behaved himself with a *Gallantry* becoming the *Son* of his *Father*, and the *half Brother* of the *Excellent Prince* of *Wales*.

But what doth the most *accomplished Resolution*, and the greatest *French-Assurance* imaginable signifie, when they shall meet with a *Magnanimity* that *Triumphs* over *Difficulties*, and *Glories* in attacking the Greatest *Opposition*? When *Heaven* it self shall, like St. *Peter's Successor*, take part with *Heretick*s, and the Flood of *Shannon*, which is rarely known to be *fordable*, shall, like the *Red-Sea*, *make way for the People to pass thorow*; There *needs* no less than an *Obduracy* like that of *Pharaoh*, to be *Impenitrable* under such severe Dispensations.

That you have heard of Our Inimitable Valour, and that from the *Fire-works*, *Statues*, and *Medals* of the *Mighty Louis* all *Europe* hath been *Advertised* of Our *Celebrated Prowess*, is apparent, *Mighty Princess*, from the *Invidious Remarks* the *English*, and *Dutch* Gazettes, and Pamphlets have made thereon. But, whatever impertinent Reflections they have made, There is no doubt but *Posterity* will pay a just Acknowledgment to *our Courage* in *Ireland*, as well as to the *Unprecedented Conduct* of Our *Great* and *August Patron* of *Versailles*, Since it is impossible that the *Glory* of his *Undertakings* can be mentioned, without *Reflections* on the *Affairs* of *Ireland*: Nor is it reasonable to despair of a *proportionable Success* of that *Unbounded Monarchs* Enterprizes in *England*, and the other parts of *Europe*, Since His Majesties *Unaccountable Undertakings* are founded not only on the Direction of his *Absolute Power*, but on *Antient*, and *Undeniable Prediction*; It having been long since entred in the Book of *Fate*, That

He that will Old-England *win*
Must first with Ireland *begin.*

So that it is plain, howsoever *Providence* may be inclined, *Fate* is plain and directly for Us: And there is no fear of Our coming off with Victory in Our *other Attempts* since We have so *Prosperously* begun Our *Acquitements* here.

Madam, I have not only sent you what *Treasure* it was possible for me to *Rap* from this *Country* to support the *Grandure* of your *Figure* at the *Court* of *France*, but have also sent the most *Inestimable* of my Own Treasures, my *Countess*, to bear up Your Majesties *Train*, and to pay her best *Devoires* to your *Growing Prince*. But I earnestly implore Your Majesty, that to prevent *heats* betwixt *her* and the *Marchioness* of *Powess*, Your Majesty will command them to *Cast Lots* for *Precedence*.

Whilst I am writing this the Enemies *Cannon* are *Thundering* down the *Walls* of

this

this *City*, and their *Bombs* have almoſt *Ruined* all the Streets; and yet ſuch is the intrepid Heedleſneſs of your *poor Vaſſal* and my *Iriſh Troops*, that I eſteem *Limerick* too mean a *Sacrifice* to Your Majeſties *Intereſt*, to whom *Three Kingdoms* are but a ſmall *Oblation*. It was but in the Year, 1641. 200000 *Heretick*s fell *Victims* to the *Holy Cauſe*, in this *Iſland*; and were *I Maſter* of as *many Iſlands*, They ſhould *all* be *Offer'd* up a *Tribute* to Your Majeſties *Shrine*; ſuch is the profound *Zeal* and Veneration I have for Your Majeſties *Intereſt*, and *Reſolutions*.

I have read, amongſt the Legends of Our *Saints*, That when the *Famous Patron* of *Our Nation* St. *Patrick* had reaped Immortal Glory by the Exploits of his Sword, and render'd himſelf the moſt accompliſht *Champion* of his *Age*; Big with *Fame*, and *loaden* with the *Renown* of his *paſt Actions*, He walled himſelf in between Four Walls, from the *Society* and *Diſturbance* of the reſt of *Mankind*; and becauſe nothing ſhould *Interrupt* his *Devotions*, he left acceſs for neither *Viſitants*, nor *Victuals*; and ſo after the *Fatigue* of a *Life* full of *Turmoils*, he ſeparated himſelf from *Men* firſt, and ſoon after from *Life*, *Expiring* in a lonely *Calmneſs*, and *Privacy*, which he choſe rather than to be *knockt* on the *head*, or *burnt* alive. I muſt confeſs that Our being *Immured* here within the *Walls* of *Limerick* looks very [illegible] after the manner of a *Sepulchre*, and [illegible] were to make *Our Exits* like that *Champion*, and *Confeſſor*: Only in this W differ; that Our *Immurement* is not ſo *luntary*, and Our *Incloſure* is every *battering*, and *burning* down about *Ears*. However if Your Majeſty pleaſe *Conſult* the *Archbiſhop* of *Paris* whether be not the ſame thing in the Origin and as uſeful to the Purpoſes of *H Church*, If *we are burnt or ſtarved to Dea* and whether We may not have the h nour to be *Matriculated* amongſt *the Sai* of *this dear Country*; this will be of gre *Confirmation* and *Satisfaction* in theſe *E tremities*.

I am only to Crave Your Majeſties Pa don for the Preſumption of this lon Letter, tho' a Volume would not conta what I have to ſay, on this Diſmal Occ ſion: And to pray your Clemency, Th what *Succors* can *be ſpared* be immediat *diſpatched* to *Us*, otherwiſe not only m *Great Maſters* muſt *loſe* all footing in th *Kingdom*, but that Unhappy *Rhime* whi was at the Compiling a *Thankſgiving* f the Conception of a Prince of *Wales*; ſay that Unhappy Ballad is in danger become a Propheſie. (*Viz.*)

When her comes out a double Clout
May cover his whole Dominion.

This, as it would be the Dread, a Confuſion of all *good Catholicks*, and the *Faithful Adherents*, ſhall be Zealouſl Conſtantly, and Bigot-like oppoſed wi the laſt drop of Blood of Your Majeſties

Devoted Talbot,
TYRCONNEL

Limerick, Septemb. *the* 1ſt. 1690.

London, Printed for *A. Turner*, 1690.

89638